James Joyce's "Eveline": Double-Vision in *Dubliners*

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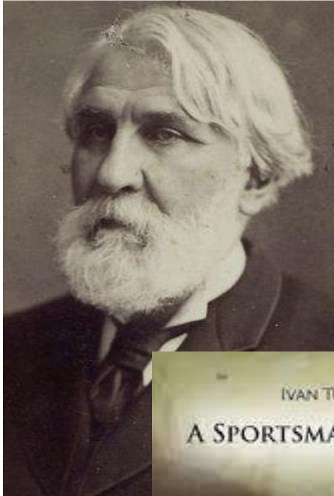
"On the Omnibus" by Jack B Yeats

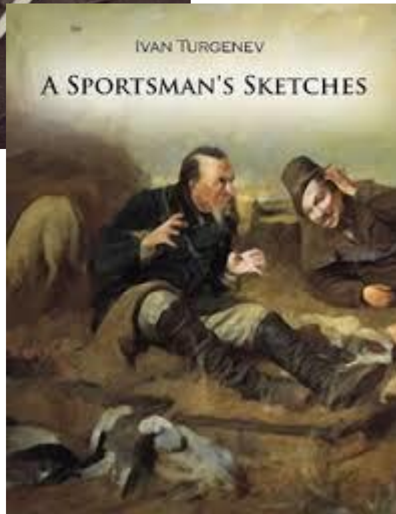
CICLO de FORMAÇÃO em LINGUAS INGLESA e ESPANHOLA
IFRN-Cang/2a DIREC – DIA 4 do NOV. 2020 às 20H

What is a short story?

- A short story is *short* (e.g., rarely longer than 7,000 words) compared with novels - often as a result of the space available in newspapers and magazines.
- The content is usually realistic - although fantasy and sci-fi are sub-genres for which it is an ideal vehicle.
- Short stories deal with a single complex event traced through the stages of exposition, development, crisis, and resolution.
- The central character is often socially isolated or even marginalised and the cast is generally limited to a few characters. (This is not simply a matter of scale.)
- The popular short story often channels the voice of an ideal member of the target audience – their memories, tastes, and values.
- The literary short story often involves a more complex relation to the narrator, and invites to reader to infer more than is actually said (the 'tacit' or 'impersonal' method).
- Like novels, short stories require a 'suspension of disbelief' and an audience which understands how to discover truth in things known to be untrue. (This is a culturally-acquired skill.)

Joyce's Precursors





Gustave Flaubert, *Trois Contes/Three Tales* (1877)

Ivan Turgenev, *A Sportsman's Sketches* (1852)

"Un Coeur simple" (Flaubert)
"The Meeting" (Turgenev)
> "Eveline" (Joyce)

Ivan Turgenev, “The Meeting” (in *A Sportsman’s Sketches*, 1852)

Out hunting one day, the sportsman of the title witnesses a meeting between a peasant girl and the servant of a nearby estate-owner. Apparently they have been lovers but now the valet tells her that he cannot marry her in view of his position before leaving her in tears. The narrator seeks to help her when she collapses but she runs away as he approaches.

Gustave Flaubert, “Un Coeur simple” (in *Trois Contes*, 1877)

Felicité, the daughter of poor people, is jilted by a young man when he marries a rich widow to avoid conscription. She spends her life working for the Mme Aubain. Childless herself, she suffers the loss of her own beloved niece and nephew (the boy dies of cholera). She becomes religious and forms an attachment to the parrot Loulou which a relative has given out of pity. Outliving all her charges, she dies in bed with the stuffed remains of the parrot nearby. In her last moments she see the Holy Spirit (Paraclete) floating overhead and welcoming her to Heaven but the reader knows it is only the parrot on the edge of her field of vision. (Or is it?)

Borrowed Words: Joyce and Flaubert

Gustave Flaubert, letter to Mme de Chantepie (18 March, 1857):

ˋ*Madame Bovary* has nothing of the truth in it. It is a totally fictitious story. The illusion of truth - if there is one - comes from the book's impersonality. It is a one of my principles that a writer should not be his own theme. An artist must be in his work like God in creation - invisible and all-powerful: he must be everywhere felt, but nowhere seen'.

(*Selected Letters*, ed. Francis Steegmuller, London: Hamish Hamilton 1954, p.186.)

James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916)

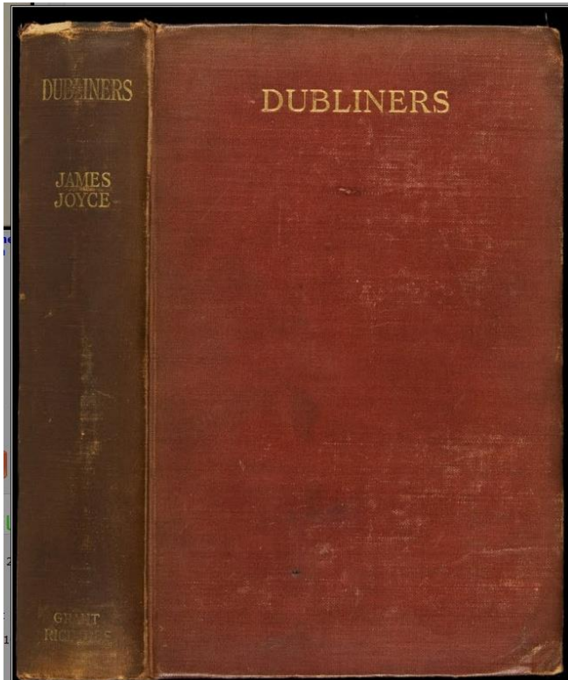
The personality of the artist, at first a cry or a cadence or a mood and then a fluid and lambent narrative, finally refines itself out of existence, impersonalizes itself, so to speak. [...] The artist, like the God of creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails.

— Trying to refine them also out of existence, said Lynch.

(*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* [Corrected Edition], ed. Scholes & Anderson, London: J. Cape 1964, p.21.)

Joyce's *Dubliners*

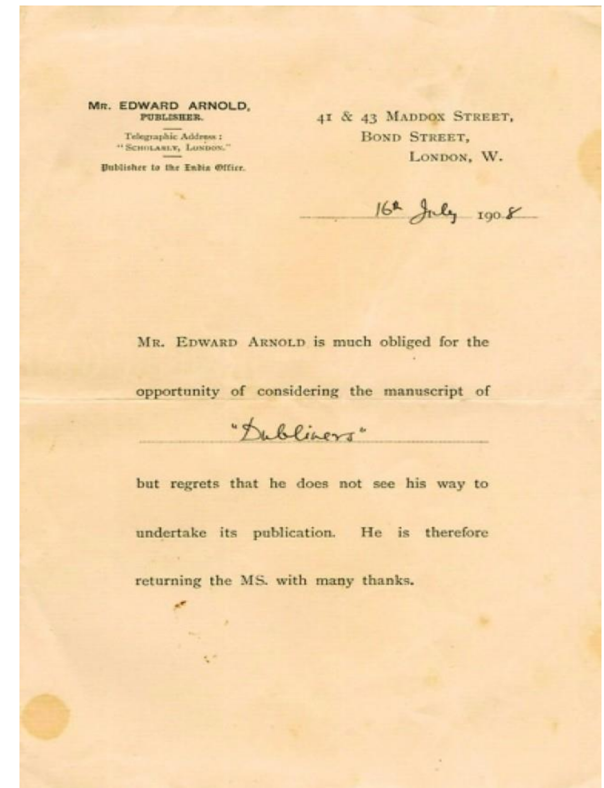
Joyce's *Dubliners* is a mile-stone the Irish short-story and a mile-stone in English realism. Joyce began it with "The Sisters" in 1904 and completed it with "The Dead" in 1907. The collection would remain unpublished for seven more years due to publishers' and printers' fears that they would be prosecuted if they brought it out.



1st London Edn. (Grant Richards 1914)

In 1906 Joyce signed a contract with the London publisher Grant Richards, but in 1907 Richards objected the language of the stories and reneged on his undertaking.

In 1909 Maunsel of Dublin offered to publish *Dubliners* but the printer objected to the word 'bloody' and several other details. (Joyce wrote to the King to see if he would allow his father's name to be mentioned.) As a result the entire set of 1,000 galleys sheet was destroyed.



MR. EDWARD ARNOLD,
PUBLISHER.
Telegraphic Address:
"Scholarly, London."
Publisher to the India Office.

41 & 43 Maddox Street,
Bond Street,
London, W.

16th July 1908

Mr. Edward Arnold is much obliged for the opportunity of considering the manuscript of "Dubliners" but regrets that he does not see his way to undertake its publication. He is therefore returning the MS. with many thanks.

Rejection slip from Edward Arnold, July 1908

After numerous rejections by other publishers, Joyce received a letter in autumn 1913 telling him that Richards had decided to go ahead and *Dubliners* finally came out in London on 15th June 1914.

…

Joyce's *Dubliners*

In late spring of 1904 George ("AE") Russell, a leading cultural figure, invited James Joyce – then 22 years of age - to write some stories for *The Irish Homestead,* a newspaper aimed at farmers.

Russell asked for something 'simple' and 'lively' and suited to 'the common understanding', but Joyce had other ideas. About this time, he began to tell friends that he intended to expose the 'spiritual paralysis' at the heart of Irish life in the stories (or "epiclets"), taking Dublin as 'the centre of paralysis'.

"The Sisters", appeared on 13 August 1904 and two stories more followed it that year - "Eveline" (10 Sept. 1904) and "After the Race" (17 Dec. 1904). But when Joyce, in January 1905, Joyce sent "Clay" back to Dublin from Pola [now in Romania], the *Homestead* editor of the *Homestead* rejected it as distasteful.

This was the first of many such rejections that Joyce was to experience at the hands of publishers before *Dubliners* was finally issued by Grant Richards in 1914.

Biographical information in these slides is available on the *RICORSO* Irish Studies website at www.ricorso.net.

Joyce's intentions in *Dubliners*

Letter to Grant Richards (5 May 1906)
'My intention was to write a chapter in the moral history of my country and I chose Dublin for the scene because that city seemed to me the centre of paralysis. [...] I have written it for the most part in a style of scrupulous meanness and with the conviction that he is a very bold man who dares to alter in the presentment, still more to deform, whatever he has seen and heard.'

(*Letters of James Joyce*, Vol. 2, 1966, p.134.)

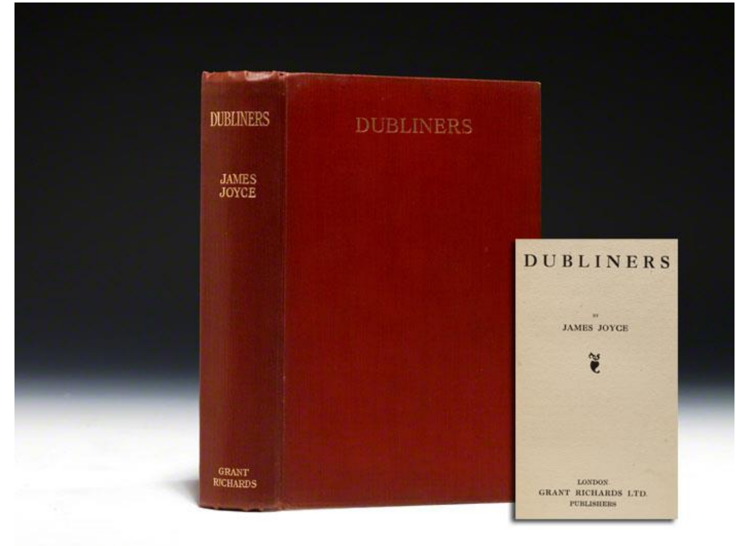
Letter to Grant Richards (23 June 1906)
'[...] I seriously believe that you will retard the course of civilisation in Ireland by preventing the Irish people from having one good look at themselves in my nicely polished looking-glass.'

(*Letters of James Joyce*, Vol. 1, 1966, pp.63-64.)

Letter to Stanislaus Joyce (19 July 1905)
'The Dublin papers will object to my stories as to a caricature of Dublin life. Do you think there is any truth in this? At times the spirit directing my pen seems to me so plainly mischievous that I am almost prepared to let the Dublin critics have their way. [… D]o not think I consider contemporary Irish writing anything but ill-written, morally obtuse, formless caricature.'

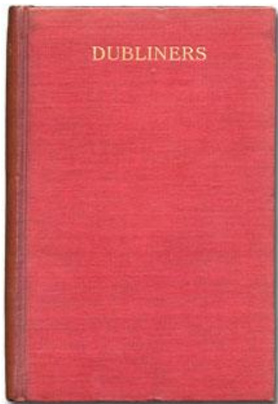
(*Letters of James Joyce*, Vol. II, 1966, p.216.)

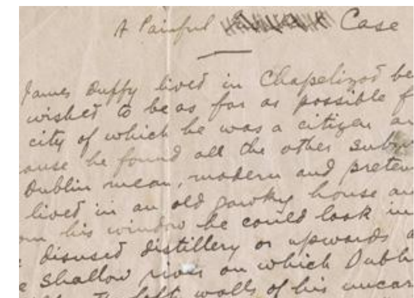
Dubliners (1914)



Grant Richards - London: 1916

1. “THE SISTERS”
2. “AN ENCOUNTER”
3. “ARABY”
4. “EVELINE”
5. “AFTER THE RACE”
6. “TWO GALLANTS”
7. “THE BOARDING HOUSE”
8. “A LITTLE CLOUD”
9. “COUNTERPARTS”
10. “CLAY”
11. “A PAINFUL CASE”
12. “IVY DAY IN THE COMMITTEE ROOM”
13. “A MOTHER”
14. “GRACE”
15. “THE DEAD”





A Painful Case

James Duffy lived in Chapelizod be
wished to be as far as possible f
city of which he was a citizen a
cause he found all the other sub
Dublin mean, modern and preten
lived in an old sombre house a
his windows he could look in
disused distillery or upwards a
shallow river on which Dubl
The lofty walls of his uncar

Extracts from "Eveline" (1)

"… people would treat her with respect …"

She had consented to go away, to leave her home. Was that wise? […] What would they say of her in the Stores* when they found out that she had run away with a fellow? Say she was a fool, perhaps; and her place would be filled up by advertisement. Miss Gavan would be glad. She had always had an edge on her,* especially whenever there were people listening. […]

But in her new home, in a distant unknown country, it would not be like that. Then she would be married - she, Eveline. People would treat her with respect then. She would not be treated as her mother had been. Even now, though she was over nineteen, she sometimes felt herself in danger of her father's violence. She knew it was that [which] had given her the Palpitations. When they were growing up he had never gone for her,* like he used to go for Harry and Ernest, because she was a girl; but latterly he had begun to threaten her and say what he would do to her only for her dead mother's sake. And now she had nobody to protect her, Ernest was dead and Harry, who was in the church decorating business, was nearly always down some-where in the country.

*the Stores [*varejo*] – shop where she works; 'an edge' – harshness, aggression; 'gone for her' – attacked her

Extracts from “Eveline” (2)

“… first of all it had been the excitement …”

She was about to explore another life with Frank. Frank was very kind, manly, open-hearted. She was to go away with him by the night-boat to be his wife and to live with him in Buenos Aires, where he had a home waiting for her. How well she remembered the first time she had seen him; he was lodging in a house on the main road where she used to visit. It seemed a few weeks ago. He was standing at the gate, his peaked cap pushed back on his head and his hair tumbled forward over a face of bronze. Then they had come to know each other. He used to meet her outside the Stores every evening and see her home. […] First of all it had been an excitement for her to have a fellow and then she had begun to like him. He had tales of distant countries. He had started as a deck boy at a pound a month on a ship of the Allan Line going out to Canada. He told her the names of the ships he had been on and the names of the different services. He had sailed through the Straits of Magellan and he told her stories of the terrible Patagonians. He had fallen on his feet in Buenos Aires, he said, and had come over to the old country just for a holiday. Of course, her father had found out the affair and had forbidden her to have anything to say to him.

– I know these sailor chaps, he said.

Extracts from "Eveline" (3)

"… passive, like a helpless animal …"

She felt her cheek pale and cold and, out of a maze of distress, she prayed to God to direct her, to show her what was her duty. The boat blew a long mournful whistle into the mist. If she went, tomorrow she would be on the sea with Frank, steaming towards Buenos Aires. Their passage had been booked. Could she still draw back after all he had done for her? Her distress awoke a nausea in her body and she kept moving her lips in silent fervent prayer.

A bell clanged upon her heart. She felt him seize her hand: Come!

All the seas of the world tumbled about her heart. He was drawing her into them: he would drown her. She gripped with both hands at the iron railing.

– Come!

No! No! No! It was impossible. Her hands clutched the iron in frenzy. Amid the seas she sent a cry of anguish.

– Eveline! Evvy!

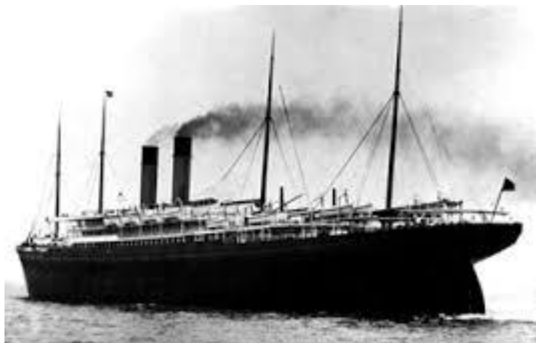
He rushed beyond the barrier and called to her to follow. He was shouted at to go on, but he still called to her. She set her white face to him, passive, like a helpless animal. Her eyes gave him no sign of love or farewell or recognition. [End.]

Joyce as Frank: The Double Narrative of Eveline

When he wrote “Eveline” in August 1904, he had already met Nora Barnacle with whom he would leave on the night-boat on 8 October 1904. They had first gone out together on 16 June 1906 – a date he later made famous in *Ulysses*. Nora found life abroad extremely difficult being unable to understand the languages around her. In letters to his brother Joyce called her ‘one of those plants which cannot be safely transplanted’ and wrote, ‘I do not know what strange morose creature she will bring forth after all her tears [...]’ when she was pregnant in 1908. (*Letters*, II, 1966, pp. 83, 97.)

“Eveline”----an illustration by Robin Jacques

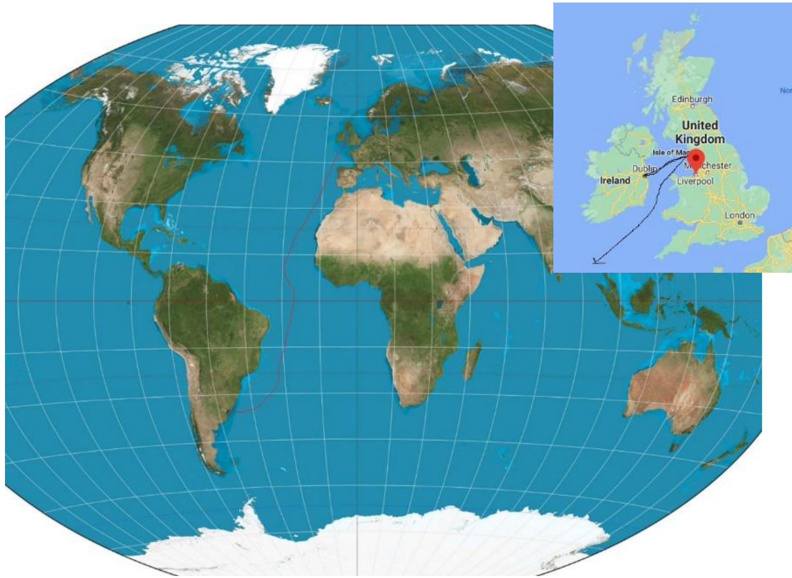
Eveline’s boyfriend Frank is quite like the young Joyce – most obviously in his choice of yachting shoes and a peaked cap (see next slide). The resemblance may run deeper. In London *en route* to the teaching post he hoped to fill in Zurich, Joyce left Nora alone on a park bench for some hours while he visited the writer Arthur Symons. Later he told his brother that he had considered abandoning her there.



In the revised version of the story, Joyce emphasised the danger of Eveline’s position. Frank says he has ‘landed on his feet’ in Buenos Ayres and tells Eveline stories about ‘the terrible Patagonians’ — strangely like Othello courting Desdemona in Shakespeare’s play. Is Frank really a successful emigrant returning home ‘to the old country’ on a visit, as he says? Has he already ‘bought the ticket’ to South America, as he told her? …

‘And the cannibals that each other eat […] and men whose heads do grow be neath their shoulders.’
(*Othello*, Act. 1, Sc. 3.)

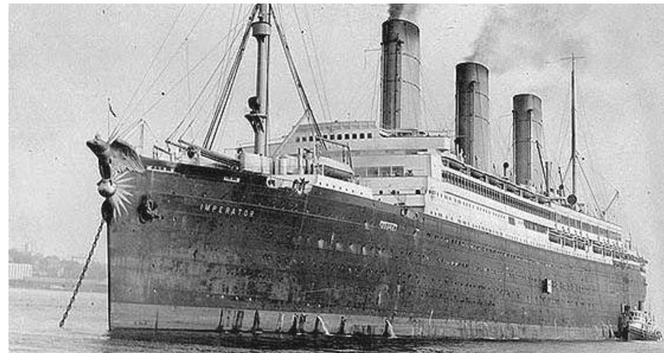
"She would go away with him by the night-boat to … Buenos Aires, where he had a home waiting …"



Albert Dock, Liverpool – Eveline's immediate destination

Numerous Irishmen *did* make the journey to Buenos Aires and one — Arthur Griffith (bottom left) — ran a newspaper there called *The Southern Star*. He later founded the Irish revolutionary Party Sinn Fein. Argentine was a 'get-rich' destination for many young men in that period …

Arthur Griffin (1871-1922)



USS Imperator (1911)

Buenos Aires (Argentina)

Family matters ..

May Joyce (Joyce's mother)

Joyce's mother died of cancer on 13th Aug. 1903. ("Mother dying come home father.") He blamed his father's abusive behaviour towards her and her death crops up recurrently in Stephen's thoughts in *Ulysses*. She bore 11 children.

On June 10th 1904 Joyce met Nora Barnacle in a Dublin street and left Ireland with her by boat on 8th Oct. of that year. They lived together in Trieste, Zurich and Paris and only married in 1922 for 'testamentary reasons'. They had two children Georgio and Lucia.

John Stanislaus Joyce
(Joyce's father)

Nora had very little education and never read Joyce's books but served as the chief model for Molly Bloom in *Ulysses.* Her unpunctuated sentences in letters to Joyce provided the inspiration for the style of the last chapter ("Penelope").

Nora Barnacle (Joyce's partner)

James Joyce in 1904

Standard critical thought on "Eveline"

The standard reading of "Eveline" emphasizes her lack of any real love for Frank and her ultimate lack of courage when facing the challenge of leaving home with a caring young man.

The irony of the story is rather obvious and literary. It plays with the traditional Victorian theme of a girl torn between love and duty who sacrifice happiness at the call of home and religion. Of course, Eveline's decision is not heroic and if she stays, it is only out of fear of what lies ahead.

Eveline is hardly in love. Marriage, for her, means that "people would treat her with respect then"—a shallow idea that no one can admire. Her feelings for Frank, too are far from passionate: "First of all it had been an excitement for her to have a fellow and then she had begun to like him."

Like is a weak form of *love,* and it proves insufficient to supply the courage necessary to board a ship with Frank. When he boards along, "her eyes gave him no sign of love or farewell or recognition." No overpowering passion is leading her on and even the sense of duty that holds her back is half-hearted. Whether she looks forwards or backwards, fear is her dominant emotion.

The "spiritual paralysis" of which Joyce identified as the dominant failing of his protagonists in the *Dubliners* stories is perhaps most simply portrayed in "Eveline". Using his famous technique method of "epiphany", he surgically reveals the inner weakness that prevents the motherless girl from ever having a life of her own.

—Adapted from Charles Peake, *James Joyce: The Artist and the Citizen* (1977), pp.22-23.

Eveline's Double-Jeopardy

…. But if we focus on the very real risk that Eveline faces of being stranded by a heartless sailor who simply wants to use her for his own pleasure, or else exploit her as a pimp, then we can see that Joyce's story attributes a form of double-entrapment to her in her character as a female and dependent: she is damned if she goes and damned if she doesn't.

A "Magdalene Laundry" circa 1910.

In other words, she is the kind of victim who cannot escape because each choice she makes is the wrong one. This is what Gayatri Chakavorty Spivak calls "*abjection*" in a feminist-postcolonial context.[1] Does she simply lack the courage to escape, as many critics think? In fact her fears are very real and her possible fate at his hands might be tragic. Imagine her in a Magdalene Laundry, for instance. (These were institutions for unmarried mothers and prostitutes.)

At the end of her story, "Eveline" she is a prime example of the condition which Joyce called "spiritual paralysis": her inability to move is physical as well as psychological. In this she is not unique. She is like both Felicité in Flaubert and the nameless peasant girl in Turgenev. In fact, she may be the most representative example of the type in modern literature.

Spivak, "Can the Subaltern Speak?", in C. Nelson & L. Grossberg, eds., *Marxism and the Interpretation of Culture* (Macmillan 1988), pp.271-313.

Question & Answer ….

Content

1. What do you know about Eveline's life in Dublin before the arrival of Frank? What do you know about the lives of a) her father, b) her mother, and c) her brothers?
2. What can you say about Frank? What do you think of his sailor's yarns? What does their visit to the musical theatre tell us about the couple?

Form

1. Do you think that the story is written in an "impersonal" style (see above)? What is the effect?
2. How do we gather information about Eveline's father, her mother, Frank, &c.? Is it reliable?
3. Find some phrases and sentences which reflect her way of thinking and others which can only have come from the narrator or author. What does this tell us about the way the story is written?

Evaluation

When you have considered the above questions, say whether you think that Eveline should stay in Dublin or board the ship with Frank? Do you think it is a successful story? Write an essay (1 A4-page-length) saying why or why not and using the information gathered in answering the above questions.

Additional Remarks

The following 5 pages contain remarks arising in our discussion of Dubliners and Joyce's writings after the presentation of the paper in hand. Here we looked at the curious question of inverted commas as well as wider issues of 'indirect style' and 'interior monologue', modernist technique, experimentation, and the literary effect.

Let me take this opportunity to thank Professor Eron da Silva and all those at IFRN-Cang/2a.DIREC, staff and students for their kind attention and their wonderful support.

—Bruce Stewart Univ. of Ulster (UK) / DLLEM-UFRN (Natal)

Feed-back and Follow-up

The following pages offer some extra thoughts which arose from our Q & A discussion after the presentation of the "formal" part of my lecture.

We talked about Joyce's originality as a writer, especially his use of a form of writing that takes us into the mind of the character by means a disguised form of indirect speech – a technique that French novelists and critics call *style moyen indirect.*

Later, Joyce would put this strategy at the centre of great novel Ulysses (1922) where we seem to be lodged in the mind of one character or another – usually Stephen Dedalus or Leopold Bloom – and to see the world the way they see it.

In a typical passage you will read phrases and sentences which register their perceptions of the world around them in a form of language which is entirely characteristic of each – but rendered on the page as narrative prose, not as monologue or spoken monologue

This is in fact an 'interior monologue such as most of us have going on inside our heads from morning to night – and through the night sometimes as well.

One of the features of Joycean writing that made it possible for him to devise this new way of writing – which some consider his greatest contribution to literature – was his rejection of the normal use of 'inverted commas' (or 'quote marks') to indicate the words spoken by a character.

Once you stop using these, the difference between speech and description tends to evaporate and the two merge into a single form literary writing. This may be regarded as a refinement of the modern novel in its long journey away from sheer reportage or simple narrative drama of the "He said, .." and "She said, …' kind.

The following pages should make it clear what is involved in this removal of the 'inverted commas' and illustrate the stages of his subsequent development. I have taken pages from Dubliners (1914), A Portrait of the Artist (1916) and Ulysses (1922) to make the point.

Summary remarks on “Eveline”

This is a tale of ‘adolescence’ in Joyce’s scheme of the book, imparted to his publisher in a letter of 5 May 1906 (*Sel. Letters*, 1975, p.83). It was first printed in *Irish Homestead* on 10 Sept 1904 and certainly composed after “The Sisters”, which was accepted by that journal on 23 July 1904 and appeared in it on 13 August—Joyce’s first published story. As the second to be written, “Eveline” was certainly composed after Joyce met his future partner Nora Barnacle on 10 June 1904. The importance of the chronology becomes apparent when we considered that Joyce played the part of Frank in the Nora’s life while she played the part of an Eveline willing to take the risk of travelling with her lover.

Commentators often say that Eveline fails the test of courage represented by her sailor-boyfriend Frank but the account he gives her of ‘falling on his feet’ in Buenos Aires seems dubious at best and, in any case, their immediate destination is Liverpool, not South America. It was well-known what could happen to Irish girls stranded in Liverpool, or any British city. Viewed in this light, the story involves a double-bind for her: she is thus to misery if she stays and risks being abandoned if she goes.

Joyce’s story-collection *Dubliners* (1914) is known to embody his idea that the Irish of the day were suffering from “spiritual paralysis”. In his autobiographical novel *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916) his counterpart Stephen Dedalus says, ‘I do not fear to leave ... whatever I have to leave’. This implies that he would leave with Frank if he were in Eveline’s position—as, in fact, he did in October 1904, taking Nora with him. Joyce may have been a courageous youth, but surely Nora was the more courageous as risking jeopardy on his behalf when, unmarried, she chose to accompany him on his flight from Ireland.

Since Joyce composed the story *after* he met her (and revised it in Trieste a year after its first appearance), we can only suppose that he had Nora in mind when he wrote it. In addition, sailor Frank, who wears a yachting cap in the story, is a good deal like Joyce himself in the outdoors photo taken by his friend Con Curran in the summer of 1904. How ‘frank’ is Frank? Obviously he is a member of a profession that is notorious for having a sweetheart in every port. Aside from that, what really are the chances of disembarking in Buenos Aires as an ordinary sailor and making an instant fortune in a land where he doesn’t know the language?

By the time he revised it in October 1905, Joyce had passed the moment in his voyage of exile when he contemplated deserting Nora on a park-bench in London. When he told his brother of this episode in a letter which has survived, Stanislaus took it as a sure sign that she would never leave him. She never did and later he would call her ‘my portable Ireland’. When Carl Jung read the “Penelope” chapter of *Ulysses*, he said that Joyce knew more about women that the Devil’s Grandmother. What he actually knew was Nora.

[BS: 04.11.2020.]

In what ways does the text of "Eveline" display stylistic innovation?

Everything I have said so far suggests that Joyce has a new way of writing based on implicit—even hidden—meanings. The narrator doesn't "say what he means" or offer summary judgement. He takes us into the mind of the character, maps their thinking, and supplied images and terms which indicate the values involved in the whole disclosure which is the story. Joyce called his distinctive method the "epiphany" and regarded it as a form of true "seeing" into things and people in their ordinary lives. It can also be regarded as a form of characterization. What is Eveline really *like* is the question that he (and we) ask of the story.

Eveline is timid. She keeps her promise to her dead mother—but she is also panic-stricken: "a sudden impulse of terror. Escape! She must escape!" But in the end fear overcomes her: "her eyes gave *him* no sign of love or farewell or recognition." (My italics.) Notice that the first of these is a paraphrase of her internal monologue and a condensation of a longer narrative sentence—i.e., "she felt a sudden impulse of terror and said to herself, 'I must escape!'") The second is pure external description yet its meaning for the reader crucially depends on what we know about her interior world of thought and feeling. We have thus crossed a line between objective and subjective points of view and back again.

Actually, we crossed the line much earlier in the story. Thus in the first paragraph, we hear: "She was tired." This is not a doctor's report. It obviously means, "She said to herself, "I'm tired"—automatically assuming the use of indirect speech to convey the sense of words spoken internally only. The language is thus infused with her own language (or idiolect), that is, her own way of talking to herself. If you were an actor reading it, you would render the sentence in her accent as if she was saying "Estou cansada" in português do nordeste. ☺

Now look what happens in the next paragraph. This appears to be a piece of external description like the *window* and the *curtains* except it talks about her family history. "Still, they seemed to have been rather happy then." Yet "still" suggests that we're following the curve of her thoughts, not an independent observer's account of her circumstances. Next we hear: "Her father was not so bad *then* .. Now she was going to go away". Is this second 'then' a careless repetition? Surely not—instead, it is Joyce tracing the process of her mind and transferring to paper the naïve verbal phrases that she uses to assess her position in life.

Of course, it's not all written in the "*style moyen indirect*" [half-way to indirect speech], as Flaubert's stories are. Some of it seems quite conventional narration of the familiar kind which implies a civilized speaker much like ourselves reporting what he has seen and heard. But in the end the balance tips towards interior monologue: what we hear is what *she* remembers until the very end when an impartial witness observes sees her in a state of paralysis like a "helpless animal". And, because we have been inside her mind, we know why she is feeling so helpless. (An animal is thought of as a being without a soul.)

A Technical Note: James Joyce and Inverted Commas

Joyce stated his objection to the use of inverted commas (or ‘quote marks’) in his works on several occasions calling them ‘perverted commas’ on one of these. It may be inferred that the use of punctuation of this type—which is more or less standard in English fiction—didn’t match his conception of the relationship between authorial narration and words spoken by the characters, or dialogue as it is usually called.

Broadly speaking, from *Dubliners* onwards, it was his practice to infuse the seemingly descriptive language, as well as those parts of the fiction-text which might be read as indirect speech, with the actual idiom of his characters and to avoid the convention of introducing and qualifying their spoken words with adverbs expressing the spirit or manner in which the words are spoken (e.g., ‘”I don’t care what you think,” he retorted angrily’).

Joyce’s initial style of writing in *Dubliners* can be treated as an evolution of the method associated with Gustave Flaubert — especially in *Madame Bovary*, where ‘le mot juste’ had much more to do with finding the word that the character would use themselves than with finding the happiest literary expression for the fact, event or person involved. Not, therefore, ‘good writing’, but rather, writing moulded to the contour of the subject.

Inverted commas were nevertheless used in the first edition of *Dubliners* due to the publisher Grant Richards, and only removed in the Corrected Edition (ed. Robert Scholes, 1967). In dealing with the Jonathan Cape, the publisher of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, issued in 1916, Joyce insisted that his use of dashes be observed after he had seen the galleys on which the inverted commas had been substituted for what he actually wrote in his manuscript.

In *Ulysses*, issued in book-form in 1922 after years of serial publication, he built on that method to produce a new kind of literary text in which the boundary between character and narration has been almost entirely dissolved. [BS 04.1.2020.]

> —I think the fewer the quotation marks the better. [...] The ‘ ’ are to be used only in the case of a quotation in full dress, I think, i.e., when it is used to prove or to contradict or to show &c. (*Letters of James Joyce*, Vol. I, p. 263).
>
> —Then Mr. Cape and his printers gave me trouble [with *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*]. They set the book with perverted commas and I insisted on their removal by the sergeant-at-arms. *(Letters of James Joyce*, Vol. III, p. 99.)

—Quotations given at Literature Beta - Stack Exchange - online; accessed 04.11.2020.

American first Editions of *Dubliners* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* - both published by B. W. Huebsch

tonne. Down far in the avenue she could hear a street organ playing. She knew the air. Strange that it should come that very night to remind her of the promise to her mother, her promise to keep the home together as long as she could. She remembered the last night of her mother's illness; she was again in the close dark room at the other side of the hall and outside she heard a melancholy air of Italy. The organ-player had been ordered to go away and given sixpence. She remembered her father strutting back into the sickroom saying:

"Damned Italians! coming over here!"

As she mused the pitiful vision of her mother's life laid its spell on the very quick of her being — that life of commonplace sacrifices closing in final craziness. She trembled as she heard again her mother's voice saying constantly with foolish insistence:

"Derevaun Seraun! Derevaun Seraun!"

She stood up in a sudden impulse of terror. Escape! She must escape! Frank would save her. He would give her life, perhaps love, too. But she wanted to live. Why should she be unhappy? She had a right to happiness. Frank would take her in his arms, fold her in his arms. He would save her.

. . . .

She stood among the swaying crowd in the station at the North Wall. He held her hand and she knew that he was speaking to her, saying something about the passage over and over again.

***Dubliners* (London: Grant Richards 1914)**

Mr Casey opened his eyes, sighed and went on:

—He was down in Arklow one day. We were down there at a meeting and after the meeting was over we had to make our way to the railway station through the crowd. Such booing and baaing, man, you never heard. They called us all the names in the world. Well there was one old lady, and a drunken old harridan she was surely, that paid all her attention to me. She kept dancing along beside me in the mud bawling and screaming into my face: *Priest hunter! The Paris Funds! Mr Fox! Kitty O'Shea!*

—And what did you do, John? asked Mr Dedalus.

—I let her bawl away, said Mr. Casey. It was a cold day and to keep up my heart I had (saving your presence, ma'am) a quid of Tullamore in my mouth and sure I couldn't say a word in any case because my mouth was full of tobacco juice.

—Well, John?

—Well. I let her bawl away, to her heart's content, *Kitty O'Shea* and the rest of it till at last she called that lady a name that I won't sully this Christmas board nor your ears, ma'am, nor my own lips by repeating.

He paused. Mr Dedalus, lifting his head from the bone, asked:

—And what did you do, John?

—Do! said Mr Casey. She stuck her ugly old face up at me when she said it and I had my mouth full of tobacco juice. I bent down to her and *Phth!* says I to her like that.

He turned aside and made the act of spitting.

—Phth! says I to her like that, right into her eye.

He clapped a hand to his eye and gave a hoarse scream of pain.

***A Portrait of the Artist* (NY: BW Huebsch 1916)**

Early printings: Students interested in comparing the first editions of *Dubliners* and *A Portrait* can look at those issued by B. W Huebsch of New York in 1914 and 1916 respectively. Huebsch states on his title-page (verso) that the books were 'printed in the United States of America' and claimed the US copyright accordingly, but in fact the sheets were printed by English publishers and sent to him to make his American editions - respectively by Grant Richards (*Dubliners*) and Jonathan Cape (*A Portrait*) both of London. It was common for sheets to be shared transatlantically in this way, though the imprint and even the title might be changed. It is clear from the sample pages shown above that the first edition of *Dubliners* used inverted commas while the first edition of *A Portrait* used em-dashes before the characters' utterances. Joyce's original punctuation was restored in the Corrected Edtion of *Dubliners* edited by Robert Scholas for Jonathan Cape in 1967. (Images from Internet Archive - *Dubliners* [**online**] and *A Portrait* [**online**] - accessed 04.11.2020.)

2nd Edition of *Ulysses* (London: The Egoist Press, October 1922)

— Do you wish me to tell you? he asked.

— Yes, what is it? Buck Mulligan answered. I don't remember anything.

He looked in Stephen's face as he spoke. A light wind passed his brow, fanning softly his fair uncombed hair and stirring silver points of anxiety in his eyes.

Stephen, depressed by his own voice, said :

— Do you remember the first day I went to your house after my mother's death?

Buck Mulligan frowned quickly and said :

— What? Where? I can't remember anything. I remember only ideas and sensations. Why? What happened in the name of God?

— You were making tea, Stephen said, and I went across the landing to get more hot water. Your mother and some visitor came out of the drawing room. She asked you who was in your room.

— Yes? Buck Mulligan said. What did I say? I forget.

— You said, Stephen answered, *O, it's only Dedalus whose mother is beastly dead*.

A flush which made him seem younger and more engaging rose to Buck Mulligan's cheek.

— Did I say that? he asked. Well? What harm is that?

He shook his constraint from him nervously.

— And what is death, he asked, your mother's or yours or my own? You saw only your mother die. I see them pop off every day in the Mater and Richmond and cut up into tripes in the dissecting room. It's a beastly thing and nothing else. It simply doesn't matter. You wouldn't kneel down to pray for your mother on her deathbed when she asked you. Why? Because you have the cursed jesuit strain in you, only it's injected the wrong way. To me it's all a mockery and beastly. Her cerebral lobes are not functioning. She calls the doctor Sir Peter Teazle and picks buttercups off the quilt. Humour her till it's over. You crossed her last wish in death and yet you sulk with me because I don't whinge like some hired mute from Lalouette's. Absurd! I suppose I did say it. I didn't mean to offend the memory of your mother.

He had spoken himself into boldness. Stephen, shielding the gaping wounds which the words had left in his heart, said very coldly :

— I am not thinking of the offence to my mother.

— Of what, then? Buck Mulligan asked.

— Of the offence to me, Stephen answered.

Buck Mulligan swung round on his heel.

— O, an impossible person! he exclaimed.

He walked off quickly round the parapet. Stephen stood at his post, gazing over the calm sea towards the headland. Sea and headland now grew dim. Pulses were beating in his eyes, veiling their sight, and he felt the fever of his cheeks.

A voice within the tower called loudly :

— Are you up there, Mulligan?

— I'm coming, Buck Mulligan answered.

He turned towards Stephen and said :

— Look at the sea. What does it care about offences? Chuck Loyola, Kinch, and come on down. The Sassenach wants his morning rashers.

His head halted again for a moment at the top of the staircase, level with the roof :

— Don't mope over it all day, he said. I 'm inconsequent. Give up the moody brooding.

His head vanished but the drone of his descending voice boomed out of the stairhead :

And no more turn aside and brood
Upon love's bitter mystery
For Fergus rules the brazen cars.

Woodshadows floated silently by through the morning peace from the stairhead seaward where he gazed. Inshore and farther out the mirror of water whitened, spurned by lightshod hurrying feet. White breast of the dim sea. The twining stresses, two by two. A hand plucking the harpstrings merging their twining chords. Wavewhite wedded words shimmering on the dim tide.

A cloud began to cover the sun slowly, shadowing the bay in deeper green. It lay behind him, a bowl of bitter waters. Fergus' song : I sang it above in the house, holding down the long dark chords. Her door was open : she wanted to hear my music. Silent with awe and pity I went to her bedside. She was crying in her wretched bed. For those words, Stephen : love's bitter mystery.

Where now?

[Available at Internet Archive - online accessed 0.411.2020.]